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ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG

ANNOUNCER:

Wild horses create one of the difficult problems of open range management. Domestic stock that has been turned out and abandoned often furnishes the nucleus from which herds of wild horses breed that infest the range and interfere with its proper use and management. Domesticated horses that are turned out under permit to graze for a season often join these wild bands. Horses are more active than cattle and range over a much greater territory. When congregated in large herds, there is much fighting, racing, and playing and the damage done to the range by trampling is greater than that by cattle or sheep. Sometimes too, these wild horses become mean and under certain circumstances have been known to attack people. Therefore, in the administration of the National Forest ranges the Forest Service restricts the grazing permits for horses to a small proportion of the stock and on most of the National Forests under cooperative agreements with the stock associations it prohibits the turning out of stallions.

On the Pine Cone District Ranger Jim Robbins has on several occasions been troubled by wild horses that have managed to work their way up onto the Forest from the desert. He has also had the unfortunate experience when permits for horses were denied of having the horses appear upon the range in trespass - the owners depending on the wildness of their stock for the fraud to go undiscovered.

As we tune in today at the Pine Cone Station the wild horse matter has come sharply to Ranger Jim's attention. Here they are -

(DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: (COMING IN PEREMPTORILY) Say, Jim, who owns the lazy "S" brand?

JIM: I don't know - where did you see it?

JERRY: I didn't see it but Mary did on some broomtail horses over on Windy Flats. She rode over from the Box O this morning and a bunch of horses nearly nabbed her. They crowded around Trinket and fought her so hard she nearly threw Mary off - Mary tried to run away from them and they nearly ran her down two or three times. Gosh she was almost hysterical when she got here.

JIM: I reckon it must be that bunch of wild broomtails that've been running up toward Cloud Peak all summer. I've never got close enough to see the brands on them, even with my binoculars.

JERRY: Well, I'm going to ride over there! Something's got to be done about it.

JIM: What are you going to do with that rifle?

JERRY: I'm taking it along and I hope they try to run over me. Boy but I'll give them a surprise.

JIM: Now don't go pulling off anything like that. You'll get yourself in a jackpot - and me too.

JERRY: WELL, we've got to do something about it, Jim. That bunch of broncos is dangerous. If they caught a person on foot they'd jump 'em sure as the world.

JIM: Well, let's find out who they belong to. Was Mary sure about the brand? I don't remember any Lazy "S" in the brand list. What did the bunch look like?

JERRY: She said there were 15 or 20 - mostly bays and about half a dozen sorrels and a big black horse leading the bunch. He had lazy "S" on the left shoulder and something on his jaw. She couldn't make it out but she thought once it looked like an open triangle and another time it looked like it might be an "R".

JIM: Yeah, that's the bunch. Only I counted 25 in it one time and wild as deer.

JERRY: She said the black horse and a big sorrel were the meanest. They tried to hit and strike Trinket. Cosh Jim, they might have killed Mary.

JIM: Let's look through the brand list Jerry and see if we can find the owner. -- Let's see now --

JERRY: Here's S and R connected on the left hip -

JIM: Yeah, that's Sam Riggs - but that's his cattle brand - Here's his horse brand - That's a small S-R - connected on the jaw but there's no lazy "S".

JERRY: Look, Jim, that makes a kind of triangle shaped brand like Mary described on that "S" part almost lies flat.

JIM: You know I've been a little suspicious for some time that Sam has been running in some unpermitted stuff on us.

JERRY: That may be his brand on those horses - I wonder if Mary will recognize it.

JIM: Let's find out. (DOOR OPENS - CALLS) Oh, Bess:

BESS: (OFF) Yes, Jim -

JIM: Is Mary out there?

BESS: Yes, she's right here.

JIM: Ask her to come in a minute.

MARY: (COMING IN - WEAKLY) Hello, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Well, they tell me you had a bad scare this morning.

MARY: Oh, it was terrible. I never saw horses act that way -

BESS: It was a terrible experience. The poor girl has been having a nervous chill.

JIM: I hope you're feeling better now -

MARY: Oh, I'll be all right now - it just sort of got me for a little while.

JIM: Well, any experience like that would unnerve anybody -

JERRY: Mary, did that brand on the jaw look like this?

JIM: Yeah, we want you to identify those brands if you can.

MARY: (HESITANT) Well - it looked a little - let's see - yes, it was something like that - only this curved part didn't come up so high.

JERRY: Wait - let's cover up part of the tail of the "S" - now how does it work?

MARY: That's just about the way it looked.

JIM: How about the shoulder brand?

MARY: That was just a plain "S" - I saw it on several of them.

JIM: You sure there wasn't an "R" connected to it? Like this?

MARY: No, I'm sure. It was very plain.

JERRY: (WITH DECISION) Well, I'm going up there before they get away -- I'll bet I'll find out -

JIM: Wait a minute now. I'm going too - but you leave that gun here.

JERRY: No sir - I'm going to take it along. I'm going to find out what brand is on that black stallion if I have to crease him and knock him down.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Chances are if you creased him he would never get up again. I don't want you shooting at any horses. You might find they were permitted stock.

JERRY: We know that black one isn't under permit because we don't issue grazing permits for stallions -

JIM: Well some of the others may be under permit.

MARY: Oh, do be careful Jerry. Really Mr. Robbins, I think you ought to take a gun. You don't know how mean they are.

JIM: No - chances are we won't be able to get within gun shot of them unless we can run them into a fence somewhere. If we're going to run horses we don't want to be bothered with a gun flopping around on the saddle.

BESS: Now Jim, you be careful.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Eye, Bess. You know I'm always careful.

JERRY: Goodbye sweetheart.

MARY: Jerry, you will be careful won't you?

JERRY: Oh sure - bye, bye.

FADE OUT - MUSIC - FADE IN - HORSES WALKING

JERRY: Don't that beat all? Looks like there isn't a horse in the whole country.

JIM: Yeah, it is strange. There's been plenty of them around here. Lots of tracks but no horses. - Well, there's no use of looking any more now.

JERRY: What are you going to do now?

JIM: Let's just ride over to the cow camp and see if we can run across Sam Riggs.

JERRY: All right -

JIM: And if we do see 'em let me do the talking. Don't let on that we're looking for horses. I want to see what new tale Sam has to tell on the other permittee.

JERRY: What kind of a tale?

JIM: Well on several occasions he has sort of intimated that some of the other permittees had more stock out than their permits cover.

JERRY: He ought to know - he's in charge of the Stock Association riders. - They're riding the range all the time and know everybody's stock.

JIM: Yes, he knows. He likes to give the impression he knows a lot more than he's willing to tell. But I've found he likes to tell it with the injunction - "But don't tell anybody I told you."

JERRY: (LAUGHS) Yes - that's Sam all right.

JIM: Well, there's the cow camp.

JERRY: Don't seem to be anybody around.

JIM: No, the boys must all be riding today. (CALLS) Hey, hello there! - Anybody home?

RIGGS: (INSIDE) Helloo (COMING OUT - CORDIALLY) Well! Well! Howdy Jim - glad tuh see yuh - Get off and come on in.

JIM: Don't mind if we do - yuh look kind o' sleepy Sam - been taking a nap? -- Where are all the hands?

RIGGS: (YAWNING) Yeah - it was sorta quiet - (SUDDEN CHANGE - ANXIOUSLY) Say, which way'd you fellabs come? 'd yuh see any of the boys?

JERRY: We just came from the station. Didn't see a hide nor hair of anything.

RIGGS: (RELIEVED) Oh - oh the boys - they're out ridin'.

JIM: Riding any place in particular?

RIGGS: No - no place in particular Jim, jest ridin'. Got to keep an eye on things yuh know. Nothing partic'lar tuh ride for-

JIM: Some of this range is looking pretty short Sam. Kind of tramped out like. You reckon there's too much stock on it?

RIGGS: I don't figure the range is bust none Jim. Course it's a mite short in places - specially where the horses kinda bunch up. But we aim tuh keep 'em scattered so they won't do no harm.

JIM: Yes - speaking of horses Sam - seems to me they've been mighty plentiful on this range this year. You reckon somebody's slipped some extra ones in on you?

RIGGS: (HESITATES) Well 'course Jim I don't like to say nothin' bein' as they're all neighbors to me but I reckon they've a few extry out this year.

JIM: Who do they belong to?

RIGGS: Well I don't like t' say. I ain't never made no count on anybody's stuff - an' I wouldn't want any name mentioned but I figures the Widow Gay's got a few extry an' prob'ly Frank Thompson a few head an' seems to be quite a few work horses running free under yore reg'lation G-2. Just one or two head to a party yuh know.

JIM: What about that big black stallion that's heading a bunch around here?

RIGGS: I don't know's I know what horse yuh mean Jim. I figured I know about every critter on this range. Yuh sure it's a stallion? - Yuh had a close look at 'im?

JIM: I'm sure I'm not mistaken about him. I put the glasses on him the other day but I didn't get close enough to get the brand. I thought maybe you could tell me who he belongs to.

RIGGS: I'll jest tell the boys to be on the lookout for 'im. If they's a hoss like that on this allotment we can sure get a line on 'im.

JIM: Well never mind I'll get close to him some of these days.

RIGGS: Yore not rigurin' on a round-up air yuh, Jim? Cause if yuh are, jest let me know a day or two ahead an' I'll get yuh the best bunch of riders in this State and a good bunch of fresh saddle hosses to. Yuh know I'm always ready to cooperate with yuh a hundred percent. An' bein' as I'm captain of this range allotment I kin gather the stuff cheaper'n anybody. - These boys I got workin' fer me knows every blade of grass on the range an' we can make a clean gather on short notice.

JIM: Well, thanks Sam - but I don't believe I can get the money to make a round up this fall. You just keep an eye open for that black horse and if you get a line on him let me know, will you?

RIGGS: I shore will Jim - you bet - I shore will.

JIM: Well, I reckon we'll ride on back to the station - so long Sam.

JERRY: 'Bye Sam.

RIGGS: So long boys - drop in again any time. (SOUND OF HORSES WALKING - THEN BREAK INTO A TROT)

JERRY: What d' you make of it, Jim?

JIM: They're Sam's horses all right.

JERRY: That's just what I figured. Notice how anxious he was to know whether we had seen his riders. - They're out pushing those horses back into the high country. - That's why we couldn't find 'em.

JIM: Yeah and did you notice how anxious he was to find out if I was going to have a round-up? The Marshal - he wants a couple of days start so he can get his stuff gathered up off the range before the round-up starts.

JERRY: If you hire his outfit they'll cut back everything they don't want to have counted. They'd just bring in the stuff they know is under permit.

JIM: Well, I'll fool Mr. Riggs this time. He's pulled this same racket on me before.

JERRY: What you going to do?

JIM: I don't exactly know, but whatever it is I won't tell anybody till I'm ready to spring it. Come on, let's get back to the station.

HORSES BREAK INTO A GALLOP

FADE OUT WITH MUSIC FADE IN

BESS: Jerry, I can't figure out what's got into Jim. He wouldn't say why he had to go to Wilcox Mesa - and why he couldn't wait 'till morning. He had to go tonight. It isn't like Jim to be so mysterious.

JERRY: All he would tell me was that he would be back in a couple of days and he would let me know when he was coming.

MARY: Do you suppose he's going to have Mr. Riggs arrested?

JERRY: No, he hasn't any grounds for arresting him. He don't know for sure that they are Sam's horses or that they are not covered by permits.

BESS: It isn't like him to be so mysterious but when he makes up his mind he won't tell anything & defy anyone to make him tell. I'd give a good deal to know what he is up to.

MARY: Me too - He certainly has his dander up -- He would hardly speak to me.

JERRY (LAUGHS) He hardly spoke to me. All the way home he kept talking to himself. When I tried to talk to him he ignored me completely.

BESS: Jim gets that way when he has something on his mind. I always leave him alone and don't bother him with questions.

MARY: But aren't you curious to know what he's going to do? My curiosity is all aroused. I'm crazy to know where he went.

BESS: It wouldn't do any good to be curious. You might as well talk to a stove as ask him any questions when he don't want to talk, so we will just wait 'till we hear from him.

(FADE OUT - MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Well, I, too, would give a lot to know what Jim is up to. Maybe he will spring something now. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with us again next Friday and we can expect to find out then what his mysterious trip to the Valley is all about.

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